

WAVE OF SPOOK PHENOMENA FOLLOWS LAYING OF GHOST BY DR. PRINCE IN THE ANTIGONISH "HAUNTED HOUSE"

"JERSEY PEDDLER" AND "HEADLESS WOMAN" IN WRAITH LIFE AGAIN

Dr. Prince Blames MacDonald's Daughter for the Strange Manifestations in Nova Scotia. But All Over Country Come Reports That Shades of the Departed Have Returned to Old Haunts Like Bad Pennies.

NEW YORK, April 1.

WITH the ghost of the Haunted House of Antigonish exposed as a mentally abnormal girl by Dr. Walter Franklin Prince of the American Society for Psychical Research, other wraiths are rising all over the country as though in protest against the laying of the Nova Scotian spectre. Almost a score of towns, scattered across the continent are appealing to Dr. Prince to free them from celestial visitors that have been reported stalking abroad since the psychic explorer went north.

Dr. Prince is preparing a final report for the research society archives, which will delve deeper into the Antigonish mystery, of which several phases are as yet unexplained. The expert asserted in his preliminary report that Mary Ellen MacDonald, foster daughter of Alax MacDonald, set the fires in his home, Caledonia Mills, Nova Scotia. This was based on interrogation of the girl and the other members of the family, and on the fact that all the fires were started when the girl was in the house, although in places on the walls and elsewhere which she could not reach. The presence of a burned match added to the evidence of human agency.

SOME MYSTERY LEFT.

But Dr. Prince admitted that he could not explain the changing of horses and cows in the barn, the pulling up of deeply sunk iron hinges from the ground, or the "spirit slappings" reported by other investigators.

He conceded that all these might be of "supernatural" origin, especially the automatic writings of a newspaperman on the case which said that a "communicator" caused the fires.

Dr. Prince said the girl was undoubtedly in a subconscious state or actuated by a disincarnate agency when she set the fires.

So, in the opinion of Antigonish inhabitants, the mystery remains considerable of a mystery after all, even if the psychic explorer's statement concerning the girl is true.

THE CRANDALL SPECTRE.

And before Dr. Prince left Canada another spook raised its head in the Dominion. This wraith possessed a name and a personality, according to Franklin Crandall, of Windsor, who suffered much inconvenience from its appearances and crimes. Mr. Crandall asserted that the ghost

was his father-in-law, Leo Leonard, who died in Jackson, Mich., about two weeks ago.

Mr. Crandall, a practical and prosaic truckman, declared that the spook had lifted him from his chair and impelled him across the room to the feet of his wife last Tuesday night. Before that, the specter sifted through the halls at night, according to the truckman, moaning for "Flossie" and "Pearl" in anguished accents. "Flossie" is the truckman's wife and "Pearl" is the name of his mother-in-law, the widow of the specter.

Whatever may be the final disposition of the spectre of the haunted house of Antigonish, there sticks another wraith nearer home awaiting physical or psychical investigation. For the spirit of the Vanished Peddler of Wayside Inn is abroad in Newton, N. J., stirring the town to nervous fear.

JERSEY'S SPOOK REVIVES.

A century ago the Wayside Inn was a popular tavern, but now it is the prosaic residence of a prosaic farmer, Frank Decker, who is eager to get rid of the quaint little two-story cottage because unearthly visitors trouble his sleep.

The house has a pedigree ghost that dates back seventy-odd years to a time when, tradition tells, a party of fox hunters put up for the night at the inn. About bedtime a peddler appeared with his pack and a budget of stories to keep the guests awake until nearly dawn. He was finally shown to a room, and soon after one of the servants went up to speak to him. The peddler was gone and so was his pack, and never again did he appear.

Never again did he appear in sight, but in sound he often has

Mary Ellen MacDonald and her pet cat. Mary Ellen was considered a psychic factor in the Antigonish manifestations.

come back, according to neighbors. Frank Decker, who bought the old house three years ago, is beginning to be convinced that he is back again. For the farmer said:

"Along about midnight the other night my wife and I were awakened by footsteps on the porch. The front door was barred and bolted, but we heard it open with a heavy crash. Then something began moving downstairs.

"It roamed all over the place, slamming doors and dragging furniture around and making a terrible racket. The dog was downstairs, too, and barked angrily, then began to whimper and growl softly as though he were afraid.

"Then suddenly the back door opened and slammed shut, and all was quiet. We ran to the windows, but we could see nothing, and there were no tracks in the snow. The front and back doors were locked. I found, after coming down, and the furniture, instead of being scattered about, was just as I left it. I don't know what to make of it—but I'd like to sell the place."

Edgar Hunt, a neighbor of the Deckers, nodded his head sagely when he heard this testimony and recalled that in the seventies, when he was a lad, he had seen an ap-



The "Haunted House." Dr. Walter F. Prince, chief ghost hunter, is the central figure in the group of three before the house.

parition in the form of a bent old man, who walked as though under the weight of a pack. He called George Swayze, the occupant of the inn at that time, and they went after the weird visitor. They emptied the contents of an old-fashioned shot-gun into the figure, Edgar Hunt said, but the shot just went through it as though through fog

and then the apparition vanished before their eyes.

Mr. Hunt bore testimony that John Calvin, a local septuagenarian now in Florida, had an even more amazing encounter soon after this incident. Calvin was walking down the road of an evening to call on his sweetheart when he was approached by a woman in white.

The most extraordinary phase of this figure, according to Calvin's tale, was that the young woman had no head and her raiment was so sheer that he could see through it. He turned and ran, with the headless wraith in pursuit, and when he reached home, he collapsed over the threshold and did not leave the house for a week.



Flora Marion Spore painting a "spook" picture under the influence of the "spooks."

From faraway Oklahoma comes another weird tale of celestial flames of sheerest blue that have burst in the air around the bed of Mrs. Ona Smith, an invalid in the town of Alva. The entire county is aroused over this unexplained demonstration, which is corroborated by several reliable witnesses.

Watchers at the invalid's bedside have seen and felt the flames in their clothing and the wall paper and the bed clothing. Two mattresses have been burned almost under the patient, a calendar suspended from the wall has been ignited, a shawl worn by the invalid has been burned and fires have flashed in blue intensity along the wood work of the building frequently.

"MARY ELLEN" FIRE.

These flames have been strikingly similar to the descriptions of the fires in the Antigonish farmhouse, and the solution of the mystery may prove to be the same. The first fire broke forth ten days ago, when the mattress under

Mrs. Smith caught fire. The blaze was extinguished by the patient's mother, Mrs. John Meyer. Later the mattress caught fire in another place.

Two days later the calendar on the wall burst into flame. A few hours after this was put out the carpet ignited. Mrs. Mary Wagner, aunt of the invalid, lifted Mrs. Smith from the bed to a chair. As the invalid's shawl touched the floor it began to blaze violently.

SPOOKS INSPIRE ARTIST.

All the bedding was removed from the house and the room where Mrs. Smith had rested was cleared of furniture. Next day a new mattress was brought in. Scores of neighbors and a newspaper man were present at the time. The new mattress was a mass of flames in a moment, with blue tongues of fire crackling and darting over the surface of it. Dr. C. C. Rogers, who is attending Mrs. Smith, concedes that the solution of the mystery is beyond him. The local police, guarding the house now, are unable to offer even a suggestion of the origin of the fires.

Phenomena of another, though equally strange variety, were revealed last week through Flora M. Spore, a Michigan girl now studying art in Greenwich Village. Miss Spore never took even a drawing lesson in her life, yet she paints canvases under the direction, she says, of great artists long since dead.

A friend of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the novelist, discussed with her a few years ago the results of some experiments made on the ouija board. Miss Spore said that she bought a board and soon began to get messages from her dead sister, who advised her to discard the board and use the planchette writing system for obtaining messages from the other world.

MESSAGES FROM DEAD.

Soon, Flora says, she began to get messages from her mother, and the girl added:

"I thought that my mother had been studying drawing over there, but she told me that she had met several great artists. After I began to hear from her and to make drawings, she told me to discard the planchette and just use my hands, and since then I have received all her messages and other messages from these mentally."

She wrote to Professor Hyslop, then head of the Society for Psychical Research, and came to New York to consult him. The professor did before she could talk to him. Flora met Dr. Prince and was advised to keep an accurate record of all her communications with the other world.

The drawings and paintings of the girl are extraordinary, to phrase it safely. Still life is a favorite form of her art and she paints in giant proportions under the direction, she says, of Gustave Dore, Peregrine and a Chinese artist. Much of her work Flora characterizes as symbolic and explains the symbolism in phrases which she says have been communicated to her from the spirits of the artists. Dr. Prince will go deeper into Miss Spore's work and methods soon.

Nelly Bly's Great Career Ended As She Wished---In Chosen Work As Reporter

Heroine of Many Ups and Downs of Fortune, Famous Newspaperwoman Often Had Voiced Longing That When Death's Curtain Fell She Would Be in the Journalistic Profession, Where She Could Do Most Good for the Greatest Number.

By JOSEPH MULVANEY.

NELLY BLY, the greatest newspaper woman that ever lived, died as she wanted to die—a working reporter on a New York newspaper, after suffering and enjoying a wider variety of experience than is included in the lives of a hundred average humans.

She was the first woman to achieve national reputation in the newspaper trade. She broke the record for girdling the globe in a manner that made her an international celebrity. She "covered" every form of news events from sinking in a diving bell to ascending in a balloon; from East Side politics to national conventions; from society occurrences to coal-field and stockyard strikes.

She was incarcerated in an insane asylum as a lunatic to learn whether charges that keepers were assaulting women inmates were true; she found they were, published facts and reformed the entire system. She married a millionaire, inherited his wealth, and operated three big industries.

These things are known generally. What is here set down is a summary of other facts less known but of equal importance in the life of this extraordinary woman as revealing the philosophy that animated her activity.

Elizabeth Cochran Seaman was born in 1866 in Cochran's Mills, Pa., the daughter of a local judge. She was an unusually pretty girl, and the beauty of her girlhood never wholly left her countenance. Among her intimates she was called "Pink," a pet name of tribute to her fair complexion. She was sixteen when by chance she entered the newspaper field. As she described it to me with a laugh one evening:

DAUGHTER OF JUDGE.

"A Pittsburg newspaper came to our house one Sunday with a long story about the working conditions under which men were employed in industry. The writer seemed to think them unbearable. I wrote a letter to the editor and asked why he didn't look into the working conditions of women in our State at that time, and I suggested that he would find much more reason for indignation. Soon after he wrote back and asked why I didn't do it myself. So I went to the office and told him I would.

"The editor almost fell out of his chair when he saw me. He expected, he said, to find a big raw-boned spinster instead of a little girl in short skirts. But before he left I got an assignment and I wrote stories right along. Where are they? Lost forever, I hope! Wouldn't you hate to run across any of your own printed effusions in the days of your childhood. The stories attracted a lot of attention, and did some good, I like to believe, but they must have been woefully written.

I never could write—all I can do is put down on paper what I see and how I feel about."

AN ARDENT FEMINIST.

This was the initiation of Elizabeth Seaman into journalism. The spirit of feminism that spurred her to the work remained characteristic of the woman throughout her life. In her heart, she was convinced that a woman, as an individual, possessed more brains, more courage, more initiative, and more of every other virtue than man. What women required more than anything else, she always contended, was to be awakened to a realization of their proper place in the world.

She was a feminist when feminism was unfashionable, just as she was a reporter in an era when women reporters were unknown and would no more have been considered fitted for such work than they are considered fitted to sail before the mast of a wind-jamming tramp today.

There has been much dispute over the origin of the pen name "Nellie Bly" and the manner of its application. This is the owner's explanation of it: WOULD'NT TELL AGE.

Of her personal assignments and adventures, Miss Bly talked seldom. She wanted never to grow old or to appear old or even to think herself old. Often we laughed at this feminine weakness, but she always insisted it was not a weakness but a practical matter. Sometimes her desire for "agelessness" caused amusing developments.

Nelly Bly looked on life as a newspaper, with each day an issue from the presses of time, and each issue dead with the appearance of the next. It was difficult to lead her into reminiscence, for she always parried the don't-you-remember questions with:

"Oh, what's the sense of reminiscence? You can't control the past and you know nothing about the future, but you can do what you like with the present. Time is more like money than people believe. What's past is spent, what's coming is only promised, but what's here is coin of the realm awaiting action."

DISILLUSIONED WIFE.

But she would listen for hours to the experience of others, checking them up mentally with her own. After she married Robert Seaman, the septuagenarian owner of the Iron Clad Manufacturing Company, which then controlled the patent on virtually every milk can in the country, she found only disillusionment in matrimony.

Still in her twenties she was bored by formal conventions and sought recreation in travel. The big Seaman house on West Thirty-seventh street, just off Fifth avenue, was always open to her old friends and she established a sort of salon that was unique in metropolitan life.

REGRETTED MARRYING.

Nelly Bly's marriage to Robert Seaman was unhappy on both sides, for the couple were mismatched in other ways than age. He was a conservative, careful, plodding merchant, devoted to old-fashioned methods. Such arts as advertising he could not understand, and to him a change was more to be feared than an illness. She knew intimately and affectionately persons whose existence he would not concede, even when he saw them.

Bookmakers, actresses, politicians, explorers! Robert Seaman at first thought his home was in process of conversion into a menagerie, then he developed a mas-

linely natural jealousy of the friends his wife made. It has been often said, and almost as often believed, that Nelly Bly married for money and she never wasted time denying it, except once when she said:

"I married for experience and I got more experience than I expected. I went into it a good deal like an assignment, but it was a mistake. That was one time where my policy of thinking out my own assignments proved an error."

"A newspaper man should never marry, and a newspaper woman should put the thought out of her head the moment she enters a city room. For marriage takes something away from the newspaper, it takes time away; it takes thought away—and a newspaper demands all the time and thought that a person possesses. You should give it everything or nothing. Newspaper work is something like a priesthood, that demands celibacy as one of the sacrifices for the privilege of the entrance."

Nelly Bly's idea of a newspaper was not a thing of paper and ink turned out by huge presses, filled with accounts of various events and happenings of the day. To her it was a mighty machine with which to move the world; an instrument to get things done, rather than to tell what was done and how it was done.

GOT HUSBAND'S ESTATE.

A newspaper was a force to start activity, rather than a record of things that were started by others. She was a born crusader, eager to lead any movement for public benefit and quite willing to risk all she possessed in the cause. With this spirit Robert Seaman was far out of sympathy, yet he loved her and she gave him infinite respect and

open affection throughout their life together. When he died he left her all his wealth, but she knew too little about business as it was practiced by her enemies to long retain it.

OFFERED CITY JOB.

Soon after Robert Seaman's death there was quiet but vigorous movement to make Nelly Bly a member of the mayor's cabinet. She wanted to be commissioner of street cleaning, and a powerful faction of the Democratic organization in the city supported her candidacy. Brooklyn, where the Iron Clad factories were in operation, was staunch for her, but a disruption in the city organization prevented the appointment.

Suddenly she discovered that wholesale theft had been committed in the Iron Clad company and the American Steel Barrel Company, which she developed from the first named corporation. The organization had been undermined till only a shell of it remained. Forgery and other crimes had all but wiped out the financial assets. Mrs. Seaman, then in sole charge with scores of subordinate employees to face, fought to weather the gale of adversity and fought with a fury unparalleled in the New York courts.

LOVED ANIMALS.

When she took charge of the factory she rose at 5 every morning and worked until close to midnight steadily. She learned every phase of manufacture, developed new patents, perfected the steel barrel so that her product became one of the only two permitted by the Interstate Commerce Commission to be used as gasoline containers in railroad transportation.

She directed the factories from a room furnished with a desk, two chairs and a filing case. The walls were bare and whitewashed and

more than a score of canaries fluttered around it, alighting on her head and shoulders with perfect freedom, while she worked undisturbed. She had a passion for animals of every variety. She rode horseback, raised fancy chickens and pheasants, bred cats and dogs for pleasure and bench. I've seen her keep a houseful of guests waiting while she spooned mush down the throat of a sickly chicken on the lawn of her big house on Sheephead Bay.

HOME AND OCEAN.

This house was so situated that while it was within a few hundred feet of the nearest building, one got the impression of absolute solitude. It faced the ocean and was far back from the road. There were wide lawns on every side, a tiny pier with a yacht or two moored and a private beach. Nelly Bly, in the days of her greatest wealth, often sat on the porch from midnight until dawn, watching the lights of passing vessels and chatting with anyone willing to watch the sunrise with her. And always she talked of news and newspapers.

YEARNED FOR WORK.

Once, at such a time, she read these verses of J. W. Foley from a newspaper clipping:

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Back to news and presses, back to type and printer's ink, Back to beats that jolt you and to things that make you think; Back to nights of hurry, back where midnight lunches lurk, Back to lights and worry and the blessedness of work! Back to waste and litter, to the basket heaping high, Back to sweet and bitter, where the sheets of copy fly, Back to nights made glorious by something done today, Back to where I should be—

She Broke the Record for Girdling the Globe in a Manner That Made Her an International Celebrity, and She "Covered" Every Form of News Event—She Married a Millionaire and Operated Three Big Industries.

Lord, how long I've been astray! Nelly Bly sighed when she read it aloud, and repeated: "Lord, how long I've been astray!"

She had thought to find power in money, and lived to realize that there was much weakness in it. For money itself mattered nothing to her after she had it; less than men mattered in her life, and they mattered not at all, in a personal sense.

The prospect of death never stirred fear in Nellie Bly; there was nothing she was afraid of but she did say often:

"When my time comes I'd like to die a newspaperwoman. I don't want ever to be retired, for mine is not a retiring disposition. I'd like to have the end come just after I'd get something so well started that it would keep going on its own power plus the momentum I put into it."

She smiled when she said that—the smile that Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, appraised at \$1,000,000 as a personal and professional asset—and it was just so that she died!